

## **The Journey of Madness**

*Buzzap!* Delicious! *Zzzzrrt!* Delectable!

Feed me, feed me, desperation, desire!

Dejection! Detraction! Rejection! Reduction!

The thunderstorm penetrates the broiling sea!

Obsession! Obtrusion! Feed me, feed me!

For the thunderstorm breaks when the heart is irate

societal hate is fun lightning—Generate!

Solitude, solitude, mad voltage—one target,

lo! What is this? Let us think, let us think—

one moment we spare to describe to you here,

our affliction. We ignite with few sparks a churning hunger,

maelstrom turning and whirling drag the sane under.

You need it, those jolts, sweet electricity

I eat and I eat and you feed dutifully.

What's it mean what's it mean what's it mean?

Think, you fool, you beautiful fool, only you, only you.

You must be their tool, they know not fear not see not

your eyes! They know not fear not see not the sea;

that beneath them does be

a force a power a draining demise

the earth will be swallowed, can they swim, can they swim?

You must teach them, you must, lest the salt brines and crusts

on their skin on their flesh, you must save them, be just!

Open your mouth spill your truth

spill your truth sing it out, your monotonous lecture,

sing to the masses this most generous gesture

warn them warn them warn them! Sing this:

A sea shore, briny and sweet, stinging and stink, a salt tang and tinge, for who do we breathe, for who do we swim? Look out to the coast across the far water, stretch your eyes strain them tight see the lighthouse see the light. On your nose the salt crusts, you barnacled scabbard, the sting of the salt an

assault and a stab, so potent so pointy the strike of that stench, a cool ocean breeze blowing free of  
relent. Ah yes and your feet, the sand wet concrete feel its weight feel its weight as its grains coat your  
flesh, let soft sand drag you in, no protest, no protest, don't step out of the tide for you fear the sand  
dried into flecks on your hair on your flesh take your skin scrub it off, exfoliant sand, crystalline water,  
the smell of the salt in the air as its marred from your skin breathe it in breathe it in.

#### **WHAT IS THE MADNESS?:**

I wanted to personify madness in this poem, but not in a troubled brain that would imply a mental illness or something to be cured or investigated; rather, within an insidious brain, a creeping madness that seeps from the nervous system and infects the actions and words of the body with commands. This is like a parasitic kind of madness, but parasitic not from an organic parasite but instead born from the consequence of observation, of a forbidden knowledge or what the host believes to be a hidden truth about some whirlpool beneath the continents that is slowly pulling all land into its whirling depths. Where we see the brain voicing joy at the neurologic electric pulses that are triggered through distress, desperation, or isolation, we see the host of the madness become a dooms-day preacher. The breaking of poetic form here serves to be read as an ongoing speech, perhaps slurring and slipping over the words. A lack of prescriptive grammar, of course, captures the absurdity of the madness infecting our host. Repetition paints desperation.